Overwhelm

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/21790783.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Abel Gideon
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Supernatural Elements, Cannibalism, Referenced Gore, Canon Characters - Freeform, Serial Killers, Declarations Of Love
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Creature Care and Feeding
Stats:	Published: 2019-12-14 Words: 4,932 Chapters: 1/1

Overwhelm

by twilight_shades

Summary

Sequel to Showing. Will deals with an annoying human, though there may be something supernatural at play, Hannibal has a wealth of feelings for Will and a wealth of words for those feelings, Will gives as good as he gets, and Hannibal gets a dinner invitation.

Notes

Disclaimer: Do not own. Complete fiction.

I started this a long time ago, but I didn't know what the story wanted to be. I finally started writing again and figured it out.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will is sort of drifting, not quite asleep, not quite awake, a place in-between where sometimes he can feel death, but not be pulled by it, feel just the relief of pain, the release. It's comforting here, but it doesn't last because while death is never all bad, it's never all good either, sadness and grief always riding it's coattails, sometimes accompanied by rage or anger, and a miasma of other emotions that come from connections to others. As Will becomes more aware, he can hear Hannibal talking somewhere not that far away. Hannibal is just saying goodbye into a phone, standing next to the bed, as Will blinks open his eyes. Hannibal is watching him.

"Where did you go, my Will? You were here, but not here, it was an odd sensation. You were not *gone*, but you were not present either."

"You could feel that?"

"Yes. I found it somewhat… distressing. I do not think I could follow you to wherever it is you went. I do not like the thought of you being somewhere I cannot reach you."

That's interesting, the thought of it being some place Hannibal cannot find his way to, cannot think his way to, cannot kill his way to, cannot determine his way to. But, no, Will doesn't think that's entirely true. Will sits up and looks at him thoughtfully. "I believe you could get there. I don't think you would want to."

"Do not underestimate my devotion to you," Hannibal says severely.

Will blinks in surprise. "What I'm not underestimating is your resolve to survive."

"Ah, I see. I suppose it is rather strong."

Will snorts "*Rather*."

"And yet, if for some reason, I had to choose between you and my survival, I find myself uncertain which I would choose."

Will looks at Hannibal searchingly. He smiles a little, touched. "Maybe I do underestimate your devotion."

Hannibal gives a little bow.

"That call anything important?" Will asks.

Hannibal takes a moment. "I was calling Frederick Chilton."

Will is taken aback. "Why?"

"That man should not be in charge of sort of mental health facility, much less one with violent criminals."

Will looks at Hannibal incredulously and starts laughing.

“Yes, Will, I do realize the inherent irony in saying such a thing.”

“Oh, no, this should be good.”

“My dear Will, while I have, at times, considered myself righteous or even just right, it has been a very long time since I have considered myself a *good* person. Chilton believes himself to be a good and moral man when he is plainly not.”

“Well, I never much cared for him, but I didn’t have that much contact with him.”

“You did not?”

“Jack had a lot more contact with him. Chilton had some thing for my abilities, it was off-putting, so I tended to avoid dealing with him when I could. You were calling to tell him he should quit?”

“No, I was calling to remind him that I am out here, free in the world and I know where he is.”

“You know, none of the Councils will necessarily do anything if you get recaptured by human authorities, at least not for a while.”

“Oh, I would not necessarily expect that. I am being careful.”

“Oh, okay,” Will says sarcastically.

Hannibal laughs a little. “No, darling, I have learned my lesson. Actually careful. There is a myriad of technological impediments in place for anyone trying to trace my calls.”

“Okay, but if Jack shows up, I’m saying you’ve been keeping me prisoner.”

Hannibal smiles in charmed amusement. “Naturally.”

“Why didn’t you kill him? Chilton?”

“Unfortunately, I was pressed for time. And then the deal with the Council came into effect.”

“Are you trying to provoke him into something?”

Hannibal shrugs.

Will sighs. “Hannibal.”

“He is looking for you.”

“Me? What for?”

“He has much more than a *thing* for you and your abilities,” Hannibal says darkly.

“What?”

“He talked about you. He taunted me about you. He was *very* upset that I had *killed* you. He said a great many things about you, clinical musings, covetous thoughts.”

Will makes a face. “Really?”

“I do not like the man, but I cannot find fault with his fascination. I can, however, find fault with his expression of it to me and his intentions towards you.”

There was some shrouding magic on both Will and Hannibal, placed by the Council. A standard sort of spell for those supernatural beings that have some renown in certain human circles and want or need to retreat from those circles. It generally keeps their names and images from spreading in human circles, but there are ways to circumvent it. There are counter spells, yes, but there are also human means. A particularly determined or meticulous human can piece together information that will put them on the right path. Names and images are discrete, descriptions not so much.

“So, you think taunting him is the best idea?”

“I believe that the judicious application of an implied threat might dissuade him from trying anything foolish,” Hannibal says, then pauses and grimaces, “However, I find him an exceedingly foolish individual, so perhaps it will only delay him.”

Will think about what he knows about Chilton and concludes that Hannibal may be right. They could move, but Will likes it here. “I guess we’ll find a way to deal with him if he comes.”

Hannibal inclines his head and his eyes seem to light with a vicious gleam. “As you say.”

Will is pretty sure he doesn’t want to know all of the plans Hannibal is considering.

~~~

Will is in Hay-on-Wye browsing through books. He’s going to bring back as many as he can carry. It’s a treat for himself after successfully negotiating between a gang of gremlins and a horde of hobgoblins. He’s picked up a few and he turns the corner to wander down another street and there’s death up ahead. It’s from a place up the way, almost the next cross street. Will stands a minute and just senses it – it’s recent and violent. It’s also familiar… in the way that serial murders are.

There are different flavors of familiar (and wouldn’t Hannibal be tickled to hear him characterize it that way). Serials tend to have a base familiarity even if the signature isn’t present, while professional kills, whether assassinations or contracts or snipes, are sort of cloaked in familiarity. Deaths in military action can also have a familiarity, but that is more a rote familiarity, learned. All of that took some time to learn, of course, and he had to do it himself. Maybe two other banshees he knows can sense nuances like that, but they all come to each banshee differently as far as he can tell. They are genuine nuances as well, not easy to discern in the general morass of impressions that he gets from a death, easy to mistake for each other or something else if he isn’t focused.
~~~

Will stares at the building for a little longer and then turns and leaves. He's only got a few books, but he thinks he should go, head home as soon as possible. As he catches a bus back to Hereford, he thinks he spies someone. Will sits, feeling unsettled. It hadn't been enough of a look to be positive and maybe Hannibal talking about him has made Will paranoid, but the man Will had glimpsed had looked a lot like Chilton.

~~~

Will debates with himself because telling Hannibal is a terrible idea, but not telling him could also be a terrible idea. Will's life has never not been complicated, but having Hannibal in it seems to invite so many more complications.

"You're very quiet tonight, Will," Hannibal says.

"As opposed to my usual loudness?" Will asks dryly.

"While your, ah, banshee cries are quite resonant, I do take your point. Let me put it this way, you seem somewhat preoccupied, and not with me, I'd like to know why."

"There was a death, a murder, victim of a serial killer in Hay-on-Wye."

"Oh, really, what sort?" Hannibal asks interestedly.

"I didn't really investigate. I left fairly quickly. I thought maybe I saw someone as I was leaving. I'm not sure though."

Hannibal's studying him keenly. "Who did you see, Will?"

"It was only a glimpse."

"Will," Hannibal says, his voice deep and compelling.

"I thought I saw Chilton."

Hannibal's eyes narrow and his expression goes grim.

"Hannibal, don't do anything rash. I'm not sure."

Hannibal smiles, but it's more calculating than anything else. "Now, would I be rash?"

Will gives him an disbelieving look. "Yes," he says emphatically, "and it usually doesn't turn out well for me."

Hannibal looks faintly contrite. "If he is here, he will need to be dealt with."

"*If* he is here *and* makes trouble, then, yes, he may need to be dealt with."

"So willing to give the benefit of the doubt, my Will?"

"I suppose so. I would think that you would be grateful for that."
~~~

“Oh, I am, every day. But I find myself… discomfited to have you apply it to others.”

“Jealous, you mean.”

“If you like.”

Will shakes his head, but can’t quite stop his lips from quirking up. “You don’t need to be. Pretty sure you’re it for me.”

Hannibal gives him a soft smile.

“Also, you might eat me if I try to leave you.”

Hannibal startles into a snort of laughter. “Your sense of humor, my dear, is quite… something.”

“You love it.”

“I do, and you,” Hannibal says easily, serenely.

Will blinks in surprise.

“I did not think myself capable anymore. I had thought that part of myself… consumed. I have cared and been attached to others, though not many. And, of course, I have been quite fixated. But you, my Will, I feel so much more than that for you.”

Will isn’t sure how to respond.

“You needn’t reply to that. I know your ‘Pretty sure you’re it for me,’ is as much of a declaration as you are comfortable making. And I believe I have come to know you, in some small way, and now the things you do and do not do speak to me of your feelings as much or more than your words ever have.”

The imp of perversity catches hold of Will then. He’s not terribly shocked that it is Neruda that comes to mind when thinking about love, but he is a little surprised at how well it fits. He recites, “’I do not love you as if you were a salt rose, or topaz; or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off. I love you as certain dark things are to be loved, in secret, between the shadow and the soul.’*” Will is not sure he’s ever seen Hannibal so caught off-guard.

“Will!” Hannibal exclaims, voice somehow both hushed and urgent, thrumming with emotion, his eyes, his whole body, really, intensely focused on Will.

Will’s never quite sure what to do with just how *much* Hannibal feels for him, so he’s a little lost until his humor kicks in. Then, with lips twitching a little, Will recites, “’Because I could not stop for Death; He kindly stopped for me.’**”

Hannibal smiles, full and rich. “Am I Death or are you?”

Will shrugs. “Either. Both. Neither.”

“Well, now, that is definitive.”

“But true.”

“I suppose it is.” Hannibal glides over to Will, getting into his space. “You, my love,” he says very deliberately, “are endlessly unfathomable in the most incredible ways.”

“Thanks?”

Hannibal reaches up a hand and delicately strokes his fingers along Will’s cheek and jaw. “Every time I think I know a part of you fully, there is yet another lovely facet to explore.”

“I could say something about you plumbing my depths, but that would be crass.”

Hannibal raises an eyebrow. “Ever so.”

~~~

Will wants to sigh as he looks at the man standing on the doorstep, but holds it in and instead says, “Hello,” in an almost polite tone to Chilton. He knows Chilton likely would have kept on knocking, but Will’s still a little frustrated with himself for answering the door.

“Mr. Graham,” Chilton says with a smile.

Will wonders if he knows how disturbing it looks. “Mr. Chilton.”

“Doctor. Dr. Chilton.”

“Right.”

“You don’t seem surprised to see me.”

“I thought that I saw you in Hay-on-Wye,” Will states and raises his eyebrows in askance.

Chilton nods.

“And you seem like the sort of person who is… dogged in their pursuit of, hmm, knowledge.”

Chilton looks a little amused. Will wonders if it’s because he guessed at the words Will didn’t use or if he likes the characterization. Chilton is a slippery sort. Strangely so. It’s not something Will had really noticed, but then he hadn’t spent much time with Chilton before and when Will had, he’d been focused on something else. Will is pretty certain that Chilton is all human. But maybe he has some thing that’s been enchanted. Or cursed. It doesn’t actually happen as often as you might think, because many of those types of objects have something of a mind of their own, but it does happen. Maybe Chilton has some sort of geas on him, though. That’s rarer, but, well, Will wouldn’t be shocked by Chilton having pissed some being off enough to do it. Even the “gift” ones are really punishments in their own way. Now Will really wants to sigh.
~~~

“I’ve always liked to know things,” Chilton says, in a light tone.

Will thinks he’s aiming for friendly and harmless, but it comes across as such a puppetry of those that Will believes most would find it creepy. “Yeah. Well, I guess you can come in.” Will moves aside.

“Thank you. Mr. Graham,” Chilton says and sweeps past him into Will’s house, no doubt excited for whatever insights Chilton thinks he might get from examining at Will’s things.

They talk for quite a while and though it makes Will uncomfortable (Hannibal was right about Chilton’s engrossment with Will and may have even underestimated it), he carries on so he can learn more. Fortunately, Chilton really likes to talk about himself, so after some time Will feels pretty convinced that Chilton does actually have geas on him and Will also has an idea about what that geas might be. Getting to that, however, means that between long stretches of self-aggrandizing monologues from Chilton, Will gets a lot of questions about himself, many bordering on or downright inappropriate, that he mostly partially answers or deflects. Will ends up feeling drained and somehow unclean when he finally gets Chilton to leave.

~~~

There are ways to get to places inconspicuously, but they take some effort and Will doesn’t much like the way they make him feel so he rarely uses them. Given that Chilton is around, Will goes ahead and toils to get to Hannibal’s unnoticed. Judging from the concerned look on Hannibal’s face as he ushers Will in, Will must look as bad as he feels.

“Are you ill?” Hannibal asks after settling Will in the loveseat he thinks Hannibal bought only because of Will since it is very squashy, though the color combination of its brocade looks odd to Will (Hannibal seemed to think telling Will that coral and teal are complementary colors would make it less odd to Will).

“No, just clammy, tired, and a little numb. Side effect.”

“Side effect of what?”

“Getting here unseen. Oh, that took a lot more out of me that I thought it would. I think, I think I’m going to pass out now. Don’t freak out. It-“ Will wants to reassure Hannibal more, but his mouth stops working, then he is unaware of anything else.

When Will wakes, he’s in a bed with Hannibal practically wrapped around Will. It’s not really what Will would call a cuddle, Hannibal is much too tense for that. It takes Will a moment to realize that Hannibal guarding him, *shielding* Will bodily.

“Sorry,” Will breathes out.

Hannibal slowly uncurls a bit and lets himself relax slightly, but still keeps Will close and stays watchful. “What is going on?” Hannibal asks in a clipped tone.

“Chilton is here,” Will states bluntly.
~~~

Hannibal's grip tightens again, and his expression goes stony. "I will kill him."

"I don't think you can," Will says thoughtfully. "But, really, all he did was ask questions. A lot of questions. But that's all."

"While I have, for the most part, followed the Council's edicts, I will not hesitate to kill him if I believe I should, no matter what they might or might not do. My only real constraints are the ones I place upon myself, Will."

Will tries not to smile at how very offended Hannibal sounds about Will thinking he's *tamed* or something. Will clears his throat. "That's not what I meant."

"Oh, do tell?" Hannibal says shortly, obviously still somewhat disgruntled.

"I don't think he can die."

Hannibal appears discombobulated at that. "He is… not human?"

"No, as far as I can tell, he is. He just appears to have a geas upon him."

Hannibal frowns. "I had gathered from my research that a gaes is much akin to a curse, even the ones that are meant as a boon. Perhaps even especially those ones."

"Yes. I don't think he can die. But he can be terribly, excruciatingly injured."

Hannibal looks enlightened. "Ah. How very interesting."

"I thought it was sort horrific myself, but I guess it's also interesting."

"Do you like Frederick Chilton, Will?" Hannibal asks, his voice sounding a little uneven and strained to Will.

"No." Will thinks about it a moment and then continues, "I dislike him very much." It's a little unusual for him, Will doesn't often have more than mild feelings either way for most. "But he hasn't done me any harm, so I don't really wish him harm." Will quirks a half-smile at Hannibal. "Sometimes, even if someone *has* done me harm, I don't wish them harm."

Hannibal seems a little abashed. "As you say."

~~~

Chilton comes to talk to Will several more times, asking more and more prying questions, about how Will had done what he'd done with the FBI, about what he'd felt, about his connection to Hannibal Lecter. Chilton seems to think that Hannibal had lost interest in Will after Will had escaped him and that Will is upset by that. Will is a little confused by this until he realizes that Chilton thinks that Hannibal would have tried to kill Will again otherwise and that Chilton thinks Will has something of a death wish.

Chilton's not staying nearby, rather he makes the long trip up from Wales each time. Will gets curious about why Chilton came to Wales in the first place, since finding Will had apparently
~~~

been a chance sort of thing, even if Chilton had been looking. He looks into the murder from that day in Hay-on-Wye and finds that it is one of a series, which he is not surprised by. Connecting them with Chilton is not difficult either. Will thinks that Chilton believes that they are the work of Abel Gideon, the serial killer nemesis of Hannibal's.

Will had vaguely remembered Gideon from his life before. Will hadn't gone looking Gideon up again after the whole Clarice Starling and Miriam Lass debacle and that had obviously been a mistake since he was connected to Hannibal and now, Chilton. Will wishes he could remember more about his impressions from back when he'd first come across him, but honestly, a lot of the memories from that time had been pushed to the background with the revelation that Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper. Will thinks that Chilton is right this time, that it is Gideon killing in Wales. Because looking at the victimology, the signature, the sequence, the places, it's not only pretty clear that it's Gideon, but that this is intended as a taunt, for Chilton. Gideon is playing with him, and Will isn't sure why no one else had picked up on that.

Will wishes he had someone he could dump this all on. He could, of course, leave it all to Hannibal, let him do what he will. That doesn't seem the best idea, at this point. Will thinks about calling Jack Crawford, but really, that just seems like tempting fate, in many different ways.

Will will tell Hannibal the whole of it at some point. But the how and when could cause… problems. Will debates with himself for a bit about all of the information he has and what to do with it. When Chilton shows up for one his visits while Will is still mulling things over, it's not that surprising to Will. Chilton always seems to be there at the most inconvenient or annoying time. Maybe Chilton just being there makes it the most inconvenient or annoying time.

"Do you think Lecter ever thinks of you?" Chilton asks, watching Will avidly.

Much more often than is healthy, Will thinks. He just shrugs at Chilton, though.

"What was it like? When he tried to kill you?"

Will narrows his eyes at the excited tone. "I'm sure there's police report somewhere with the details," he says shortly.

"But how did it feel?" Chilton presses.

"Painful."

"That's not- Look, surely you can understand how having more information is important to our collective understanding of serial killers."

"Obviously a victim's predicted or expected reactions are a factor in many serial killers' behavior. They may get their thrill from the pain or fear of the victim. But isn't the killer's perception of those feelings much more significant than the actual feelings of the victim? I mean, if a serial killer were, say, staging their kills to taunt a particular person, isn't what the killer thinks that that person feels the actual thing that matters?"

Chilton opens his mouth, then closes it and seems to contemplate something for a few moments. Then, he looks at Will. “Yes, you may be right.” He nods, then stands and gathers his things. “If you’ll excuse me, I have something I need to do.”

“Right.” Will stands and follows him to the door.

Chilton gives a distracted wave and then leaves.

Well, this should be interesting.

~~~

“Something has you lost in thought, my dear,” Hannibal says after they’ve finished dinner, pear and prosciutto with bleu cheese sauce for Will and braised “Danish game meat” (Will is fairly confident this is the hunter from Aarhus the Council had contacted Hannibal about last week) with mirepoix for Hannibal and settled in his sitting room.

“I believe Abel Gideon is killing in Wales. Pretty sure that’s why Chilton is here. I think Chilton thinks he can catch him,” Will says matter-of-factly.

Hannibal blinks. “That is quite a lot to be thinking about. How certain are you?”

“As sure as I can be without getting directly involved. Also think Gideon is playing with Chilton.”

“Interesting. And yet Chilton still has the time and inclination to interrogate you,” Hannibal says disapprovingly.

“Well, I am fascinating,” Will says sarcastically.

Hannibal smiles warmly. “That you are, my Will, that you are. Are you going to tell Chilton of your suspicions?”

“Oh, I already did, in a roundabout way.”

Hannibal studies Will, a trace of his earlier smile still present. “Did you? Hmm.”

“Are you going to do anything about Gideon?”

“I might. I shall have to think about it. Anticipation can be quite… delicious. And I think I would like to see how this plays out for a bit.”

“Nothing like watching a cat-and-mouse game with a serial killer,” Will says, a wry twist to his mouth.

“I did so enjoy ours. Though, I suppose I would liken us more to a fox and a raven, each of us tricksters in our own right. And I believe that the raven did quite thoroughly ensnare the fox in this case.”

Will snorts. “That’s a… somewhat skewed interpretation of events, don’t you think?”
~~~

“Ah, Will, you have captured me in ways that no one else ever has. And this fetter is not one I would ever wish to escape from.”

Will considers Hannibal for a moment. “Did you want to get married, then?” he asks curiously.

Hannibal’s already straight posture seems to go even straighter. “Would you be amenable to that?” he asks, his voice edged with something that sounds almost giddy.

Will shrugs. “Yeah.”

Hannibal’s face lights up, but then quickly dims. “Oh, no.”

“What?”

“That was nothing like a proper proposal. And you very much deserve one.”

“But we don’t need that, I just said I would-“

“Hush, Will. Sometimes rituals are important, they give weight to ceremony, they help imbue meaning into traditions that matter. And this very much matters.”

“Okay, then, make your plans.”

“Thank you, Will.”

“Hannibal.”

“Yes, my love?”

“Married or not, I will still kill you if I think it’s necessary,” Will says starkly.

Hannibal smiles widely, his expression heavy with reverence and amusement. “I would not expect any less. We can write that into the vows. After I propose.”

~~~

Will wakes up to find Hannibal dressed and watching him, which is not that unusual, holding a tablet, which is. Will rubs a hand over his face and sits up. Hannibal hands over the tablet before Will can say anything. On it is a rather lurid article about an attack by a possible serial killer on an American consultant, that left the consultant not dead, but injured, missing a kidney, his spleen, and some of his liver.

“Huh,” Will says.

Hannibal takes the tablet back, does something on the screen, then hands it back to Will, it now displaying another article, more factual, though less detailed, with a bit of new information at the end.

Will looks up at Hannibal when he finishes.
~~~

“I thought you didn’t wish Chilton harm.”

“I don’t.”

“And yet, somehow, I’m almost certain that it was your words that caused him to provoke Gideon.”

“Caused? He could’ve just as easily taken my words as warning and removed himself. I don’t wish him harm, but it’s hardly my responsibility to keep him from harm *caused* by his own arrogance and foolhardiness.”

“And you believed that Chilton removing himself was likely?” Hannibal asks skeptically.

Will gives a careless half-shrug.

Hannibal suppresses a smile. “Just so. What do you make of that last part?” Hannibal asks, gesturing to the article.

“The message Gideon left behind that all but invites you to dinner?”

“Yes, do you think it is intended as a challenge or is he looking to make amends?”

Will reads about it again and sees how it could be read both ways. He thinks about what he’s learned about Gideon. “Maybe both?”

Hannibal raises his eyebrows in question.

“He likes the game, but I think he has come to recognize how formidable an opponent you can be. I think he might want to meet you before he makes a final decision.”

“Hmm.” Hannibal grimaces to himself.

Will looks at him slyly. “You don’t want to, but you respect him for that, don’t you?”

Hannibal tilts his head in acknowledgement.

“So, are we going?”

“You wish to come with me?” Hannibal asks.

“Brighton’s an interesting town. Though we might have to be careful, his “code” seemed pretty obvious to me, so there might be investigators there.”

“I think you continue to underestimate yourself, darling Will, I doubt very many people would find it obvious.”

“If you say so. You know, whatever his intent, the smart thing to do would be to kill him. But you’re going to keep your options open, aren’t you?”

“Are you saying I’m not smart?”

“You’re very smart. But you don’t always let your intellect direct you. You find pleasure and excitement in sometimes letting your passions overwhelm you, in letting your whims override your control.”

Hannibal looks very steadily at Will. “Yes, I suppose I do.”

“Well, I guess I can be ready to drive his nasal bones into his brain if it seems prudent.”

Hannibal makes an odd sound. “Yes, prudence is a virtue.”

Will peers at him suspiciously.

Hannibal purses his lips. “Brighton, then. An unrefined, but strangely charming town.”

Will gives Hannibal a sidelong glance. “Unrefined, but strangely charming. Sounds like something you might think of me,” Will says laughingly.

“I think you are the most wondrous being I could have ever met and consider myself blessed that you find me a worthy companion in any way.”

Hannibal looks so solemn and sincere that Will feels the need to answer in kind, but again he doesn’t have the words himself, so Will digs back in his memory and comes up with Shakespeare. “‘I do love nothing in the world so well as you—is not that strange?’***”

Hannibal laughs. “‘As strange as the thing I know not.’*** Ah, my Will, you are a constant delight.” Hannibal takes the tablet from Will and sets it on the bedside table. He slips off his shoes and crawls into bed on top of Will.

Will looks up at him in surprise, knowing how particular Hannibal can be about wrinkling his clothes. “Your suit.”

Hannibal leans in and softly says, “You were right. Sometimes I do let my passion overwhelm me. Perhaps you should let it overwhelm you.”

Will smiles. “I guess I could do that.” Will reaches a hand up to curl around the nape of Hannibal’s neck and pulls him in for a kiss and then Will lets himself be overwhelmed.

The End

End Notes

*From Love Sonnet XVII by Pablo Neruda
**From Emily Dickinson
***From Much Ado About Nothing (Act IV, scene i) by William Shakespeare

Let me know if you find any typos or if the format is messed up or if you think I need any tags.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!